

MARIE ROZE'S FAVORITE SONGS.



GOOD NIGHT BELIEVED: HALFE 6
 THERE IS A GREEN HILL: GOUNOD 5
 L'ESTASI, VOCAL WALTZ: ARDITI 7½
 DORMI PURE, (SLEEP ON): SCUDERI 6
 ALPINE HUMMERS, (FLEURS DE ALPES): WERKLIN 5
 ROSE: SPOHR 5
 AWAY WE'D FLY, (LE RAPIDE): TOSTI 5
 LULLABY (O NINNA NANNÀ): PROVILLI 4
 CHANSON D'ÉPRIÈRE (SONG OF THE SPRINGTIME): GOUNOD, 6
 LONG AGO, LONG AGO: HATTON 4
 WATCHING AND WAITING: COWEN 5
 END OF THE RIVER: BLUMFELD 5
 UNDER THE CEDAR TREE: SAINT SAËNS 6

*This is the only authorized
 edition of Marie Roze's*

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BOSTON.

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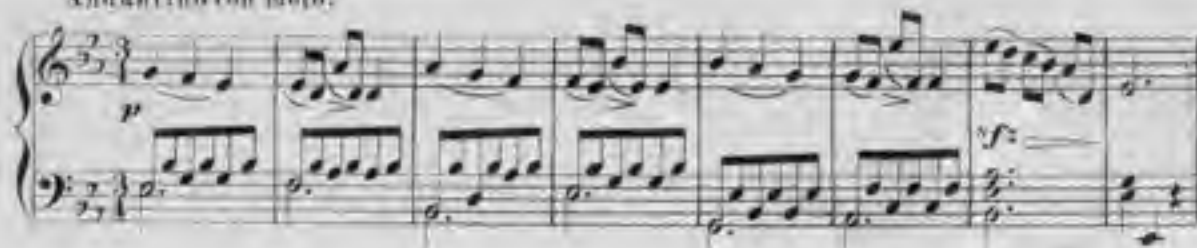
FLEUR DES ALPES.

FLOWER OF THE ALPS.

English version by LOUIS C. ELSON.

J. B. WERERLIN.

Andantino con moto.



Once I pos-sessed thy lov-ing heart, Joy then did never from me part. Our love was tender without guile.
Ja-dis je pos-sé-dais ton cœur, Plus d'a-mour et plus de bonheur! Toi qui m'ai-mais si tendre-ment.



What sweet bliss then was in thy smile; Now thou dost love, alas, no more. Broken, the
Me re-gar-dais si dou-ce-ment: Au-jour-d'hui tu ne m'aimes plus. Tes serments



ardent vows we swore, I wander far away from thee Nought but death comes for me. La la
tu les a rompus. Je suis loin de ton souve-nir. Et n'ai plus qu'à me-ri-r. La la



la... la la la la la... la la * la la la la la la... a a a a

p *rit*

la... la la la.

a tempo. *pp* *mf* *rit.*

Since he has proved so false to me, No charms on all the earth I see,
 De puis qu'il a trahi sa foi, Bien n'a plus de charmes pour moi!

p

E - cho but mocks my mournful sighs And to all my com-plaints re-plies!
 E - cho plain - tif viens recueillir Mes re-grets, mon der-nier sou-pir!

p

cres.

No hope my saddened heart discerns, Love once lost nev-er more returns. All that can
 Je n'ai tendu plus rien à-ci bas, Bon-heur per-du ne re-vient pas. Et mon cœur

cres.

rit. *a tempo.*

soothe my troubled breast Is the e-ter-nal rest. La la la . . . la . . .
 ne demande au ciel Qu'un re-pos é-ter-nel.

rit. *a tempo.*

... la la la . . . la . . . la la la a a a a . . .

f *pp* *pp* *f* *pp* *f*

rit. a tempo. rit.

Dear vales where once I used to rove, Sweet cra-dle of my vanished love.
 Ruis-seaux, cha-lets val-lons heureux, Doux ber-ceau de nos premiers jeux.

p rit. a tempo. rit.

a tempo. rit. a tempo.

Wit-ness-es of that happy day I must bid ye a-dieu for aye:
 Te-moins con-stants de nos amours, Je vous dis a-dieu pour toujours.

a tempo. rit. a tempo.

Plus vite.

That love which those bright days hath graced, From my heart can not be effaced.
 Amour, ser-ments, bonheur passé, Qu'à ja-mais lout soit ef-facé.

cres. rall.

Still his fond smile up-on me beams, Leave me, ye faithless dreams!
 Ten-dres re-gards, propos flatteurs, Fu-yez sou-tes men-teurs!

cres.

Variation 1st

Un poco All'ito.

7

p Ah!

cres.

Variation 2nd

Ah!